

# Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MARCH 1951



**"OOH — A LION!"** Small boys in African back yards hunt animals and fight battles with the same make-believe that American lads use.

# New Way for Africa

It could mean  
a fuller life

by Albert E. Good



**C**atholic missionaries in Africa, during the last seventy-five years, have worked wonders for the people. The colonial rulers early learned that what helped the Africans helped them and hence they have long encouraged the missionaries in their efforts. Many colonial officials have been very devoted to the Africans, and their plans have benefited greatly this newly opened continent. Both colonial officials and Africans, when they know the missionaries, stand in admiration of their selflessness and recognize that they work always for the genuine good of those who have the first right to Africa—the African people themselves.

Maryknoll in Africa takes its place now as a younger partner of the great and experienced societies that have labored all these years. Of the fourteen million Catholics on the continent, two and a quarter million are in East Africa. And of these, three quarters of a million are in the

care of the societies operating the seventeen mission territories in Tanganyika. Maryknoll is responsible to God for one of these territories and the Maryknoll plans for this area, the Prefecture of Musoma, will follow the fine traditions of those who have opened the road in Africa and who have designed the local pattern for bringing material and spiritual benefits to the six million Tanganyikans.

Practically the whole population of Tanganyika is engaged in some form of agriculture and livestock raising. Only a very small percentage of the people work in the gold and diamond mines and in the industries. A few farmers in the North Mara district are the only ones who use oxen-drawn plows; elsewhere the hoe is the standard farm implement. Any sort of mechanized farming is completely nonexistent.

Tanganyikan farmers in the main raise six main food crops: millet, cassava, maize, sweet potatoes, rice, and beans. These are planted in a soil that is badly eroded. The sad fact is that the most worn-out soil is in the districts where the heaviest population is concentrated. The quality varies from very light, sandy soil to rich black earth. For all practical purposes, there is no effort made to improve the quality of the soil by the use of commercial fertilizer. Small wonder then, that most

of the food produced is completely consumed by the local population.

The basic agricultural problems can be summarized as follows: How

## OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

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Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

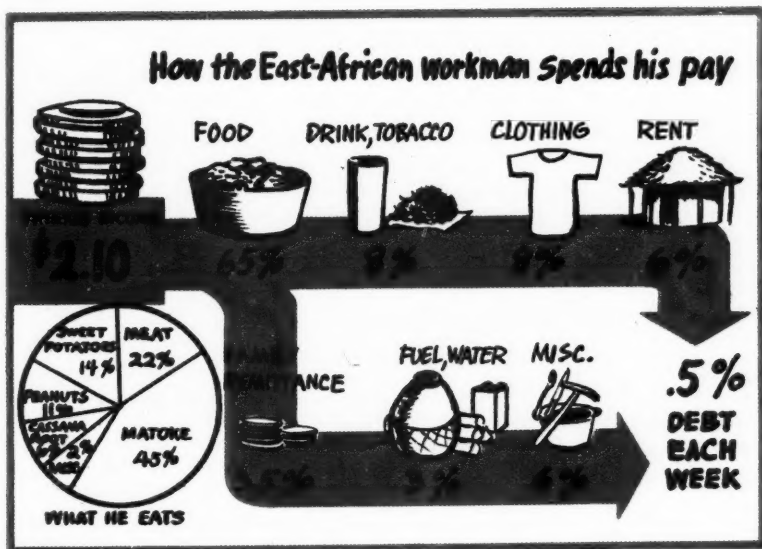
to conserve the natural resources of the country which are being steadily and rapidly depleted through soil exhaustion. How to increase the yield of

the land, so as to provide adequate foodstuffs for the rapidly increasing population.

Naturally, any development of the agricultural resources of Tanganyika requires the co-operation of several different agencies. Of first importance is the role of the Colonial Government. The ruling power is bound by self-interest and by a strict duty to help the indigenous population to develop the natural resources of the country. The Colonial Government in the Lake region of Tanganyika has made certain progress toward this goal. But the Government has up to now been hampered by lack of sufficient and qualified personnel. A further handicap is the frequent changes in personnel; very few of the present staff have had time to study the particular problems of this area. In short, all Government activity on this point has suffered badly from lack of a consistent policy.

Very few of the local native authorities even notice the existence of the agricultural problems of their people. Up to the present, very little has





been done by them. Their greatest need is education.

The main role in this program of agricultural development must be played by the natives themselves. It seems that the best way to help them help themselves can be found in the organization of local, native co-operatives. The development of the co-operative movement among Africans, however, is something that will call for a certain amount of initiative and an effective control. At present very few native communities would be able to organize and maintain a co-operative society without this outside control, especially in financial matters.

Speaking in a general way, the help of missionaries could be of the greatest importance for the agricultural development of Tanganyika. In

any work of social importance, missionaries have several definite advantages. Foremost is the fact that missionaries are in close contact with the natives, and know their language, customs and mentality. Natives trust missionaries because they know that missionaries are not seeking selfish ends. It is clear that, in introducing new methods of agriculture among a primitive population this selflessness of missionaries is of the utmost importance. Besides, a very effective role in agricultural development can be played by missionaries with their network of primary and secondary mission stations all over the district, and their numerous helpers: native priests, Sisters, Brothers, catechists, school teachers, and parish groups. Moreover, the relatively great stability of the mission personnel, together

with the discipline of ecclesiastical organization would be a big help in carrying out long-term plans.

There is no doubt that Catholic missionaries will always consider the material welfare of their people as a very important aspect of the general civilizing activity of the Church in mission countries.

A fine example of the way Catholic missionaries have turned theory into actuality can be observed in the Nyegezi Mission. There the mission property totals 1,450 acres. On this mission's property are the following establishments: junior seminary, with 120 pupils; secondary school for boys, with 130 pupils; industrial school with 26 pupils; carpentry shop; brick and tile factory; extensive farm.

The Nyegezi farm consists of 200 acres of food crops, 600 acres of

grazing land, 400 acres of forests, some experimental fields, ten acres of fruit trees. Established herds include 110 pigs, 130 head of cattle, some sheep, goats. Mechanized equipment of the farm is as follows: one medium-sized tractor with implements, one truck, one flour mill, one maize sheller, and one rice huller.

The main aim of the food crops grown at the Nyegezi Mission is to insure self-sufficiency in foodstuffs for all the boarding pupils. Another purpose is to teach the students proper agricultural methods. The students are bringing this knowledge to the neighboring people. Class projects include organizing visits to neighboring farms. And the natives from the surrounding farms are invited to the schools for lectures. The Nyegezi Mission hires out agricul-

**Boston's Father Good knows that helping the natives of his mission to provide adequate housing is an integral part of really effective mission work.**



tural equipment to the native communities in the neighborhood. In this way, the natives are shown the advantage of employing modern implements.

In general the accomplishments in the educational field are quite substantial. Theoretical and practical classes in agriculture are given at all mission schools. Special emphasis is placed on those classes in the Teachers' Training School and at the Junior Seminary.

One of the future developments will be the organizing of more native co-operatives. Kome Mission has recently organized a co-operative, but it is still too soon to be able to judge the results, although this project seems promising.

In order to raise living standards among our rural African population it is essential that something should be done to enable the people to acquire better housing. Anyone who has seen a photograph of a Central African house knows that it resembles a haystack more than a home. Obviously, in such a "house" there cannot be even the most elementary hygiene. Anything but a normal moral life is the necessary consequence of having ten to fifteen people living in the same one-room hut.

Missioners plan to attack this problem by training rural craftsmen who will be able to build simple but decent houses. The people will be given the opportunity to obtain durable but cheap building materials. And finally, the missioners plan to establish building co-operatives, which will enable local farmers to get the financial means to acquire suitable housing.

Up till now, no contacts have been made with any international organization. Such contacts could surely be extremely useful. Missioners in Tanganyika would be extremely grateful for the expert advice of an organization such as the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations. In particular they would welcome the visit of some expert from this organization, to study local conditions. Then the expert could sit down with missioners and discuss the practicality of the plans that the missioner is making for future growth and development in this backwards region.

Given the co-operation of the Colonial official, the native farmer, the missioner in the field, and the expert interested in the development of backward areas, there can be a new way for Africa.

### What Many of Us Forget

MRS. LUCE in her new pamphlet, *Saving the White Man's Soul*, says that the United States has built up an "ugly caste system based on color." She emphasizes what many of us forget — the moral evil of discrimination. She writes: "I have said it before, I say it again: those who do not see Christ in the face of their colored neighbor have not seen Him, and may never see Him. . . . The Negro question is at once America's greatest failure and America's greatest opportunity: it gives 130 million white Americans the chance every day to take steps toward saving their own souls."

Smiles are the style in Kyoto





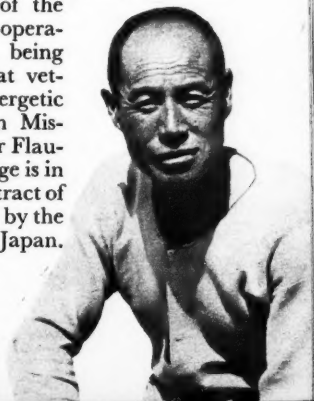
Father Tibesar (rear) helped Cupid. The bride is Father's catechist. The groom came to ask about the Church, remained to marry his teacher.

## REPORT FROM TOKYO

General Douglas MacArthur talked to some correspondents in Tokyo recently, and during the interview he expressed his appreciation of the Catholic Church for its very effective aid to him in teaching the Japanese the fundamentals of democracy, Christian charity, and the brotherhood of man.

Two reasons for the General's praise are to be found above and on the following pages. Maryknoll's Father Leo H. Tibesar, director of Catholic Charities in Japan, reports

that his "skyscraper parish," atop one of Tokyo's largest department stores, is growing rapidly. He also sends word of the Catholic co-operative village being formed by that veteran and energetic Paris Foreign Missioner, Father Flaujac. The village is in a forest, on a tract of land donated by the Emperor of Japan.



PHOTOS FROM LEO TIBESAR AND CONSTANTINE BURNS



Father Flaujac's model Catholic village is being built (below) in the heart of the Imperial Forest Preserve. Many settlers are Catholic orphans, now adults. Medical care is given by Japanese Sister nurses.







Mass is celebrated in a small, temporary chapel. Father Flaulac is sure that strong Catholic centers will help leaven the rest of Japan.





## Only the Feeble

by Joseph P. McGinn



**"Ai ya! Kom laan!"**

Involuntarily, this Chinese exclamation of surprise, shock, and pity rose to my lips as the old woman gingerly peeled the ill-smelling rag from her arm. I bent over for a better look at the infection-filled cavity, probing gently to get some notion of how deep the abscess was.

It was dispensary time, and before me stood a challenging case that engaged my whole attention. Hence I did not hear the shuffling of straw sandals and the clanking of lethal weapons. Looking up, I saw fifteen or twenty men, all dressed in ill-fitting uniforms, the formidable Mausers incongruous in small Chinese hands. The grim visages of the intruders showed that they were desperately determined to impress. My

first inclination was to laugh, but instead I inquired solemnly, "What honorable concern occasions this auspicious visit?"

With a flourish one of the armed men pulled a document from his blouse and handed it over in silence. It was an official notification that a secret report had been received alleging that deadly weapons were concealed on the mission premises; a search was authorized.

One of the farmers, in for treatment of an ulcerous leg, blurted out: "But the Father is taking care of us; he can't be disturbed."

Fearing this remark might provoke their anger I hastily invited the recent arrivals to search to their hearts' content, sending my catechist along as an observer.

They investigated every nook and corner of the mission. John, the cook, peacefully engaged in washing dishes, suddenly found eight heavily armed men in his ten-by-six kitchen. Babies in the orphanage were startled by clumpings and clankings around their cribs. All the while, machine gunners guarded the entrance to the mission, allowing no one to enter or leave.

I kept on dispensing medicine, outwardly cool but inwardly concerned over what this search might forecast. It would be so easy to "discover" something objectionable, which the finder had planted. However, the searchers soon assembled around their leader. He was quite gracious; murmured a conventional apology, and led the warriors away, a bit red about the ears. I was left with the old woman's infection and the crying orphans.

# The Firecracker Priest

by R. Russell Sprinkle



**Father Jim Buttino** is in his element. As a fish takes to water, or a bird to the air, Father Buttino has taken to China. The land of Old Cathay is his dish.

This love of Father Jim for China is due to two things — his vocation as a missionary, and firecrackers. To most of us, firecrackers are just something to put up with. The Chinese set them popping and exploding for the lease cause. But to Father Buttino, firecrackers are gentle music. They remind him of home, sweet home.

This curly-haired, smiling priest, who is a native of Cortland, N. Y., came into this world with the swish of Roman candles in his ears. His dad is a pyrotechnist of no mean repute. In fact, Father Jim comes from a long line of fireworks makers who are known for their dazzling displays of color and sound.

Father Buttino has been in the Orient for only a couple of years but he has an unusually good ear for the Chinese language. This is because he followed one of the best methods for learning a language — talking to children. Some men hesitate to talk to children because the youngsters readily point out mistakes. Older Chinese are more polite, and they assure the beginner that he speaks wonderful words.

Father Buttino possesses two characteristics that the Chinese greatly admire, largely because they them-

selves lack them. These are the virtues of patience and humility. True, the Chinese are great

stoics, but their fatalism is far from the Christian virtue of patience. The fatalism of China has no spiritual foundation. It is a pessimism that seems to expect the worse to happen, as it too often does.

Father Buttino proved his patience in his handling of the children of the neighborhood, all of whom became his fast friends. He proved his humility by bearing up every time he heard the youngsters laugh with glee at the mistakes he made in their language. Now these virtues have paid off.

The firecracker priest has departed from this mission of White Sands, to become pastor of the church in the episcopal city of Wuchow. He disliked leaving our sleepy, country town for the big metropolis. He said he was surely going to miss the real Italian spaghetti that he had taught our cook to make. But every missionary goes where he is sent, and Father Buttino was soon off for his new job.

He didn't get away unnoticed, though. The youngsters of the neighborhood gave him a real bang-up farewell. Perhaps the roar of the firecrackers could be heard in Cortland! Noisy? Sure. But Father Jim loved every "boom."

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**Judge Tanaka** was at Maryknoll during his visit to the United States. He is at present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Japan, and is one of the most outstanding Catholic laymen in that country, a convert of twenty years. He was once, he explains, a "leftist Protestant." He belonged to a group formed by a Japanese graduate of Amherst College that abhorred all kinds of official ministers of religion. Their program was *sola fides*—faith alone—in the most literal interpretation of the phrase.

**One of our Maryknollers** asked Judge Tanaka what the attitude of most of the Japanese intelligentsia is towards religion. He replied that it is positivist and skeptical.

This interested me particularly, as I had been thinking a great deal of a reply that Doctor John Wu, the former Ambassador of China to the Vatican, gave me in Rome two years ago. I had asked him why it was that so many of my American friends in the diplomatic service had so completely mistaken the nature of Chinese communism. Doctor Wu replied that he is convinced there is a type of intellectual snobbery, among the so-called liberals of the Holmes or Dewey schools, which holds that, if one is orthodox, one is dumb; extreme views that lead to radicalism stamp one as an intellectual.

Thus these two eminent jurists, Wu and Tanaka, fervent Catholics, lay

apostles who work especially among the intellectual classes, agree in their diagnosis of a malady of the intellectuals—a malady that has led us into infinite trouble.

**On three occasions** recently, I have received a patronizing "Of course you don't understand" reply from people in high positions, when I have sought to make representation on international matters that touch our missionaries. Later events have proved that the Government men who are paid to understand were mistaken. The three experiences seem to prove that Tanaka and Wu are right.

What is the cause of the indifference to the moral implications in international questions? Someone has put it neatly: "If you stand for nothing, you'll fall for anything." If one has no moral principles, or if the principles are foggy, the resulting situation is like an attempt to go through the Amazon jungle without a compass.

Please God, a change will come quickly, for time is running out. The fine example of General MacArthur, thanking God for the success of the Inchon landing and reciting the "Our Father" at the celebration in Seoul, should be a lesson to some of the so-called intellectuals.





## ***Japan's Harmonica Rascals***

*Father Harold Felsecker, of Milwaukee, a veteran Maryknoller in Japan, doubles as LARA relief director. He found these harmonica virtuosos in a Catholic orphanage near Tokyo, and couldn't resist joining the act.*

# The Maryknoll Family

**G**limmers of brightness in the midst of otherwise sombre reports came in two letters received at Maryknoll recently from South China.

"We should have to be very hard-hearted and spiritually blind, not to be able to see and feel the great movement of the Holy Spirit under the veil of our present difficulties," writes Father Al Fedders. "Truly astounding is the great interest in the Church in these parts. More than two thousand pagans have come to my mission and asked to study the doctrine. The same story is true all over the diocese."

Father Ed Moffett, who was held a prisoner for two months by Communist soldiers, wrote upon his return: "Now I know the indescribable human joy of being a spiritual Father to a faithful flock. People from all the villages in this area, many with tears in their eyes, came to welcome me home. One small girl told me she was going to pray every day that no priest would ever have to stay away so long again. An elderly man on crutches, who came from a nearby village, remarked that he had never been so happy to see anyone in his whole life."

Some thirty years ago, two brothers, John and Louis Chang, came from Korea and lived at Maryknoll, while making their studies in America. Today Maryknollers and all Catholics who know him are proud

of John who, for his intelligence and integrity, was chosen to be Korean Ambassador to the United States.

"The hour in my country is dark," said Ambassador Chang, in a recent address to a K. of C. Council in the Bronx. "But with the strength of her heart and the support of the free world, Korea will yet prove to be a beacon, lighting the truth that free men must remain free."

"I cannot," he continued, "begin to express the immensity of the contribution that the Catholics of the world, and particularly those of the United States, have made to my people. Since 1923, when the first American Catholic missionaries (Maryknollers) came to my country, their part in our life has been one of magnificent endeavor."

**Maryknoll's Father General** writes to every pastor who invites a Maryknoll priest to speak on Maryknoll in his church. Here are a few of the beautiful replies we have received recently:

"Don't give me or my good people much praise. The results thrilled me, because I did not think, according to our size, that they would be so good."

"What parish ever suffered any loss through what was done for a missionary enterprise? God alone knows the untold blessings which he bestows upon priests and individuals who have the missions at heart."

"Thanks for the copy of *The*

*Maryknoll*

*Maryknoll Story* which I received as well as for the beautiful letter of thanks. The only point I do not like about the book is that it makes a priest think how much more he could have done for the missions."

**Not long ago** Father Hugo Gerbermann rode 350 miles each way to tell a little chapelful of Mexicans about Maryknoll. He says that they were very generous, although very poor themselves. Father passed the night in a storeroom in the back of the church, bedding down on a coil of water hose, with shovels for springs and a lawn mower for a pillow.

### Theophane's People

Most Maryknollers have a deep devotion to Blessed Theophane Vénard. A devotion nurtured by Maryknoll's founder, Bishop Walsh. A few have visited the site in Hanoi, northern city of present-day Vietnam in Southeast Asia, where Theophane was beheaded for the faith.

Wonderful Christian communities grew up where Blessed Theophane and so many others gave their lives. In the course of the winter we had as guests at Maryknoll two Vietnamese prelates, Bishop Ngo-dinh-Thuc of Vinhlong, and Bishop Le Huu Tu of Buichu.

We particularly admired Bishop Thuc's

brother, Ngo-din-Diem, former Minister of the Interior in Vietnam, evidently a gentleman of true Christian integrity.

The people of Vietnam today are sorely tried. On the one hand, they fight off the invasion of the Communist idea, supported by the Red hordes of China; and on the other, they seek to obtain from France the same measure of independence that has been granted to India, to Indonesia, and to other lands in Asia. The Catholic minority, a million and a half among twenty million inhabitants, has an important role to play. Give these, our brothers, a prayer.

## Letter of the Month

Thousands of interesting letters come to us monthly. The following is voted the "letter of the month."

### DEAR FATHERS,

I can't help writing and telling you how delightful your little Maryknoll magazine is. I have four sons, and each month we read the new copy from cover to cover.

My oldest son was quite interested in the story from the lady who credited her success in her business to the fact that she gave her last dollar to the missionary. A mother can talk and talk to her children about generosity towards God, but it never seems to ring the bell until they see it in writing, until they hear of concrete cases of Catholics who are generous with their lives and their possessions.

I ask myself what is the special superiority of our Catholic Church. For one thing, the Church has a truly universal rather than a tribal outlook; Catholics who really think, think of the good of all men. My boys, if I have my way, are going to be truly catholic Catholics, with a genuine regard for the lowly farmers and burden carriers in the heart of China and India as well as for their good friends next door.

Sincerely,

— T.M.B., Ohio



# Big Brother

*Fortune did an about-face*

by Mary Yeargan





**T**he center of attention in the emergency ward was a wounded street-waif of twelve, stretched out unconscious on the table. A passing vehicle had badly lacerated the calf of the boy's leg.

The doctor bent over the unconscious form, fumbling gingerly through the tattered rags. He applied the stethoscope and listened carefully to the inner functioning of the boy's organs, all the while on the alert lest any vermin desert the emaciated form and make a beeline for his more-obese and well-formed body.

"Well, his condition isn't too bad," concluded the doctor as he meticulously scrubbed his hands. "Give him a one-quarter shot of morphine and two c.c.'s of coramin. The wound is to be stitched under general anesthesia. A bit of skin-grafting will be necessary."

The Chinese waif was admitted into the free ward of the hospital and improved rapidly under the tender care of the Sister in charge, a French Franciscan Missionary of Mary. For days, clad in clean pyjamas, he rested between spotless sheets, beaming with contentment as he tasted for the first time in his life the comfort of cleanliness and medical care. It had been a long time since he had felt so secure. He heard, also for the first time, the story of Jesus Christ. After that, the pain didn't matter so much.

One day a lanky Chinese youth, shabbily dressed, called at the hospital to see the wounded boy. The two literally fell on each other's necks for sheer joy at their reunion. Just then the Sister in charge happened

to walk into the ward to take temperatures. She was moved at the sight of the older boy's devotion towards the sick one.

"Are you his brother?" she asked.

"No," answered the visitor, "he is something like my protegee. His father died of t.b. and starvation as he and his family fled from the North. My friend earned his living here by gathering cigarette butts found on the street. He tore off the paper and sold the tobacco. He last worked at pushing pedicabs across the bridge. But he was too inexperienced to dodge the autos."

"And who are you?" asked the Sister.

"I, too, lost my parents during the war," replied the lanky youth. "I managed to live on scraps gathered by the wharf. For a small sum of money, I was allowed to gather the remains of food chucked into the garbage can by the foreign gunboat crew. But when the foreign boats no longer plied the Whangpoo River, I lost all means of getting food. I tried the garbage heaps, but all I could pick up were bits of burnt-out coal, waste paper, and some old bones."

The elder adopted brother was often seen at the General Hospital after his first visit to his young protegee. The weather under the influence of an invading Siberian cold mass suddenly dropped below zero. The Sister was sorry to see the poor, homeless boy turned out into the cold every evening at dusk. She offered him food left over from the ward trays and allowed him to spend the night in a warm storeroom of the hospital. This arrangement was heaven on earth for the two lonely

orphans. They reminisced together in the daytime, only to dream in peaceful slumbers by night. But all good things somehow come to an end. After a few weeks the older boy was told by the Sister that he could still sleep in the hospital at night, but that she was no longer able to feed him. He had to leave at daybreak to fend for himself.

The needy youth tried to get tips by helping to push pedicabs across the bridge. But in those days of depression, people could hardly pay the fare, let alone tip the pusher. He still had to pay the dues to the head of the clan who was in charge of all pedicab pushers. Several times he stood a chance of getting behind a prospective customer only to be edged out by an older and bigger fellow.

Thus he wandered about all day in the city. Constantly before his eyes were the noodles, dumplings, and other appetizing foods set out by hawkers on the street. These merchants catered to the needs of passers-by who had been lucky enough to escape the price of satisfying their hunger. He returned to the hospital at nightfall — long past meal time, with an empty stomach.

Often as he loitered by Garden Bridge, he saw other unfortunate waifs like himself, snatching food from the street stalls, fountain pens of passers-by, and goods from passing trucks. But he could not bring himself to steal, even though he was desperately hungry. He still had a sense of the moral code instilled in

him by his peasant parents, who had tilled the land for years to earn an honest living.

One day his wanderings took him miles away from the hospital; at night he was too tired to return. His knees sagged and he lay down at the side of the road, close to a sickly beggar for warmth. Next

morning a kind-hearted shopkeeper gave him leftover rice noodles that a customer had not eaten. The boy ate the food listlessly. Although he felt sick, he made his way back to the hospital, so as to be close to his adopted brother and the Sister towards whom he felt such deep fondness and gratitude.

"Hello!" said the Sister. "Where have you been? Come and eat. I've saved up bits of food given me by the nurses and other Sisters. These biscuits are delicious!"

"Thanks," said the boy, "and here is a \$10,000 bill (thirty cents) I've saved for you. Do as you please with it. I don't feel very well."

The Sister noticed a great change in the boy — an unusual flush on his cheeks, a hard luster in his eyes. She placed a thermometer in his mouth and found that he was running a temperature of a hundred and five.

She did all she could for the poor boy. The doctor agreed to treat him free and allowed him to occupy a bed close by his adopted brother. A careful medical examination proved the new patient to be suffering from an abscessed liver and exposure to cold.

"How are you feeling now, elder

**Do you have a son a priest of God?  
If you wish you can have a share in  
helping a young man to the altar and  
the missions and thereby become his  
"foster" parent. His training costs  
\$500 yearly.**

brother?" asked the younger boy. "Talk to me. You are unusually quiet today. Don't you remember the days we spent together on the Bund? Sister says that your condition is going to improve."

The older boy listened but made no attempt to answer. He was too feverish to care about much. All he thought about was what the Sister had told him about Christ, His Virgin Mother, and the reward in heaven for those who had suffered much in this world.

In the evening the Sister whispered to him: "Do you wish to be made a child of God? You are weary now and in much pain. But this condition will not last forever. God will reward you in the next world."

"Yes, Sister, I would like to become a child of God."

He was baptized, Peter. On the next day, Peter refused all food and spoke scarcely a word. But there was an expression of great peace and joyful expectancy on his face, as though he was sure that something good in store for him would soon materialize.

When the Sister came to see him again, Peter said: "I am most grateful to you for all your kindness to me. Please teach me how to pray."

The good Sister spoke very little Chinese. So she recited in her sweet,

soprano voice the "Hail Mary" in French. The boy moved his lips, but no one heard what he said. He did not know the words of the "Hail Mary," but undoubtedly he was saying in his own words how happy he was to know about God, who loved him so much as to send down His only Son to redeem him by dying on the cross, so that he could enjoy eternal peace with Him forever.

That was Peter's first and last prayer. God understood the attempts of a very sick boy to express his happiness, joy, and gratitude over the grandest thing that had happened in his young life. Not for Peter was the carefree happiness of youths in a more fortunate corner of the world.

It had been a long time since he had had enough to eat or felt any real security. In his fever he remembered the way his mother had fondled him, just before they had started on the long journey from the North. But now he felt that God's Mother was taking care of him. He believed with all his heart what the Sister had told him about heaven.

His young companion was sleeping when Peter passed on. When the younger boy awoke and asked for his buddy, the Sister told him that "big brother" had gone. On hearing this the waif buried his head in the pillow.

### Pierced Ears and Arm Bands

One day I asked an old Bakuria tribesman why he wore a necklace and heavy earrings. He laughed good-naturedly. Just then his daughter came by. On her arms were tight copper bands; in her pierced ears she wore large wooden spindles. I asked why she wore such cruel ornaments. Her eyes flamed, and she said: "Women in your country have their ways of making themselves beautiful. In our country we have ours!"

— *Alphonse Schiavone, Africa*



# HOW ABOUT YOU

**H**AVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? If you are like most of us, you may reply: "No, I just haven't gotten around to it yet. Besides, I'm not rich; I haven't a great deal of money or property to leave, so a will won't matter much, anyway."

That is like saying, "I have no very exciting news to write to my mother, so why bother to write to her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected president. Making a will is a matter of affection and kindness and justice, as well as of law and property.

To die "intestate" — that is, without making a will — is always troublesome, and may even be tragic, for those who survive. If there is no will, property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and it must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of the family.

Only you can make your will. Only you can divide your property fairly.

Only you can see that all needs are met.

Why take the risk? Now — today — while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will! Make a separate bequest for a specified number of Masses for yourself. Then make a special bequest to Maryknoll, a stringless gift, to be used where it will be needed most and where it will do the most good.

How should you go about this? There are three easy steps: (1) List your property; (2) list your heirs; (3) see a lawyer.

A good Catholic, considering how to leave his or her property, will remember family and friends. The Christian has, by his special quality, certain obligations as a follower of Christ. He will think of charity — to his parish, to diocesan and national institutions, and to the world-wide Church.

## How to Make a Bequest to Maryknoll

In your will, use the following form in leaving property to Maryknoll:—"I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York, ..... (Here insert amount or description of legacy or property.) This legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York

I shall be interested to receive your FREE booklet *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

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☐ Check here for a free booklet about the Maryknoll Annuity.

# "WHERE THE DUST POURS LIKE WATER..."



Over the dusty top of the world, two Indian women make their way into La Paz, Bolivia. Here in a gaunt, weather-scarred region, live the Quechua and Aymara tribes, once part of the Inca Empire.

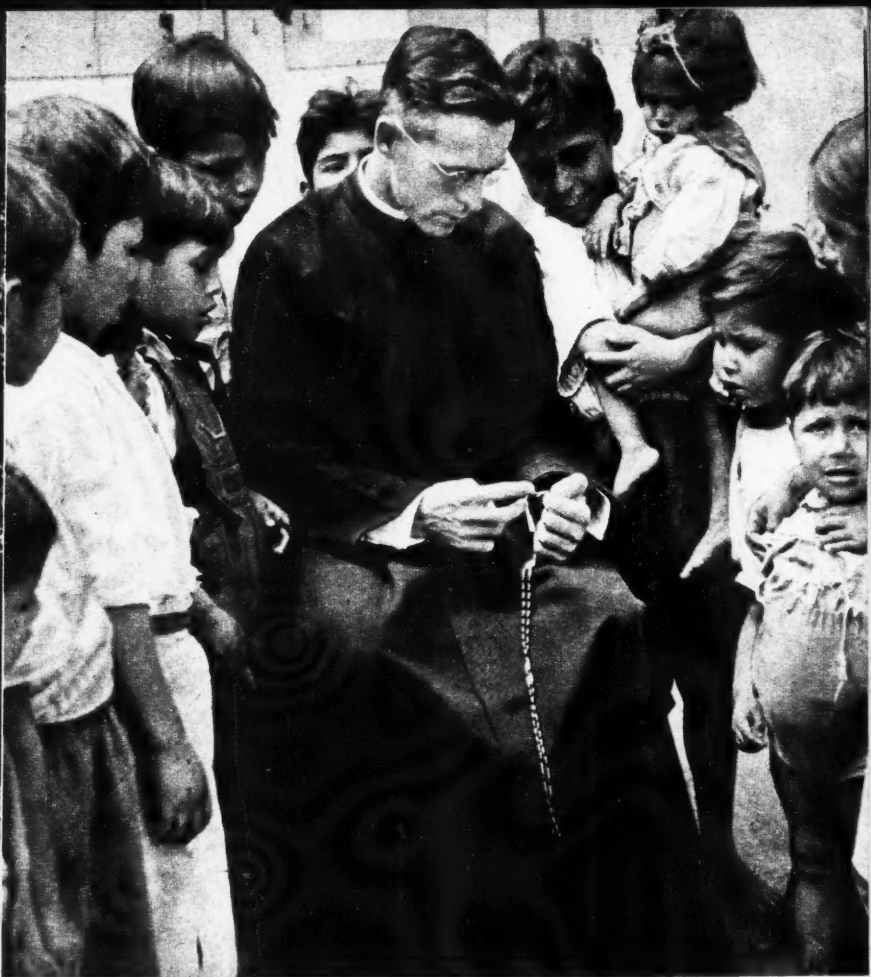
PHOTOS BY JOHN McCABE AND JAMES A. FLAHERTY





Quechuan hats are eye-stoppers.





**Father John J. McCabe**, who is explaining the Rosary to the children in the above picture, is typical of the Maryknoll Missioners who came to work on the Bolivian roof top, shortly after the start of World War II. The people had been long

without priests; the children had little chance for schooling. In less than a decade, the picture has changed. The parish in which Father McCabe works boasts one of the few parochial schools in Bolivia. There is a thriving parish life.





## THE QUECHUAS LOVE THE LAND

**Bolivia's** Indians live close to the land. The people are poor, but confident that they can wrest, from the overworked, rocky earth, enough on which to live. They endure hardship without complaining. If they can raise a little extra food, they use it as barter for a bit of cloth or some coca.



Religion

brings them some of the few consolations and joys found in an otherwise drab existence. The Gospels are easily understood because the Indian's own life is so much like that lived in Palestine some two thousand years ago. *Above*, Father McCabe chats with an Indian parishioner who uses a primitive plow to break the hard earth. The little girl, *right*, is a shepherdess. She and her dog guard a large flock of sheep on a bleak Andean hillside.





**Maryknollers** in upland Bolivia are using the catechist system, so successful in China. *Above*, a catechist visits a typical Indian family, preparing them for a visit by the priest. *Opposite*, children watch their

father make adobe bricks from mud, water, and bits of straw. Such bricks have been used for centuries, in native buildings. The years have wrought little change in the Quechua way of life.

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# Front

by Edward A. Koechel

**Did you ever** see the picture of a missionary sitting under a tree, with a crucifix held high, and a group of eager faces — black, yellow, or red — gathered about him, absorbing his explanation of the Catholic doctrine? Surely you must have, because Christian art so often visualizes the missionary and the missionary's work in some such fashion.

As a missionary, I would hazard a guess that the Lord's apostle would sit there until he'd die of old age, if he were to choose a likely spot, raise his crucifix, and wait for the multitudes to gather about him. Missioners do not work that way. Behind each soul won to Christ, is a story of patient infiltration, a prayerful program of approach to the individual, by the priest and his catechist.

The conversion of the village of Chanchah is fairly typical. Chanchah is a little settlement of Maya Indians, tucked away in the heart of the great forest of chicle and mahogany in the Territory of Quintana Roo. Some forty families, about 200 people, live in Chanchah working the chicle in the rainy season when the sap is running, and felling huge mahogany trees when the weather is dry. Chanchah is two days on horseback from the mission center of Carrillo Puerto, over narrow trails hacked out of the steaming jungle. To the missionary

# Man in Chanchah

*The priest would be crippled without him*



stationed in Carrillo Puerto, Chanchah is one of forty outlying stations in his care.

Early inhabitants of Chanchah had become Christians some 150 years ago, when bands of Spanish missionaries penetrated every nook and corner of the Territory. But after the missionaries were expelled, as generation followed generation without sight of a priest and without sound of a word about the one true God, the people of Chanchah gradually lapsed back into paganism and superstitious practices.

Some six years ago, Father Robert Lee began his spiritual attack on Chanchah. He sent a catechist to live there for a few days, just to see and to be seen. A month after his first visit, the catechist made another. This time he spent a few weeks, using all the tricks of a showman and salesman to win the confidence and friendship of the Indians.

On a third visit, priest and catechist went together. Father Lee was very grateful for his catechist's company on the lonesome journey through the forest, which abounds in wild animals and deadly poisonous snakes. He was even more grateful for his catechist's skill in getting together a meal, taking care of the horses, and setting up camp for the night.

When the travelers arrived at Chanchah, neither one preached with a crucifix. Instead, Father Lee fell into easy conversation with the idlers in the village square about the things that are their whole world: their wives and children, their corn patches, the weather, the prospects of the coming chicle season. He inquired about the sick in town and paid a friendly visit to each. With comforting words he ministered to them according to his ability.

Father Lee learned that "assistance for travelers" (meals for sale) could be found at the home of Dona Josefina. Good! Josefina is short, rather round, with dark-brown skin and jet-black hair. Very much of a pattern with all Maya women, she dresses in a long white gown. She serves the invariable meal of black beans and corn dough fried in the form of little pancakes, sometimes embellished with a scrambled egg. Meal time is good conversation time, and Father Lee took advantage of the opportunity to get the drab life history of Josefina and her family. He stepped up his charm treatment a notch or two, for keeping on the best of terms with the cook is advised procedure on the missions as well as anywhere else in the world.

The Indians of Chanchah proved themselves a simple and kindly people.



They offered the missionary and his catechist a palm-thatched hut in which to sling hammocks for the night. Father Lee announced that a prayer meeting would be held at his house that evening. About thirty people put in an appearance, mostly out of curiosity and the lack of any other diversion in a town of that size.

Some of those attending recalled a few phrases of the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Father Lee prayed with them and gave a little talk about God and His Son.

Early next morning the portable altar was set up in the hut. Except for the catechist who served the Mass, the Holy Sacrifice was something of a strange show to the handful of on-lookers.

The next two days passed in similar fashion, although attendance dropped a bit at the nightly gatherings, because the novelty of the visitors had begun to wear off. Meanwhile the catechist had rounded up some of the children, teaching them songs and hymns to hold their attention. On the fourth day, Father Lee and his catechist took to their horses again. Father had to be back in Carrillo Puerto for Sunday Mass.

When Father Lee next visited Chancāh, he found four families of eight adults and eleven children who asked to be instructed and baptized. After this visit, Father Lee left his catechist in the village and returned to Carrillo Puerto alone. Three weeks passed, then an Indian, coming into the trading center of Carrillo Puerto,

brought word to the missionary from his catechist in Chancāh that the neophytes were sufficiently instructed to receive baptism.

Father Lee went to Chancāh and

found, upon questioning those who had been studying, that the adults and children were well grounded in the fundamentals of the Faith. He

poured the saving waters for the first time on nineteen heads in Chancāh. What a consolation to the missionary are these first fruits! Yet he recalls that, for all his efforts and all the work of the catechist, conversion is first and last a work of the grace of God.

The periodic visits of Father Lee and his catechist to Chancāh continued. Fortunately, the work of winning souls to Christ in a small town has the faculty of snow-balling. It is hardest to get the original group. The natural explanation is that in a small, isolated place, the only news is what happens within the village. There are no secrets; everybody knows everyone else's business, knows everything that is going on. The four families who embraced Catholicism are added to the crops, the rains, the chickens, and the chicle as a topic for conversation, speculation, and debate. Unwittingly, the original group of converts became a group of evangelists for the Faith, especially as their lives had taken a turn for the better.

As time went on, the classes that the catechist had under instruction increased in size. The catechist found himself paying more frequent three

**Our work would be impossible without God and YOU. We have no money of our own; all we use, we received first from our benefactors. As our partner in well doing, you share completely. Thank you and God bless you.**

and four-week visits to Chanchah. There were also couples to be prepared for matrimony.

About this time Father Lee paid a special visit to Chanchah. An extra mule was strung along. Tied on one of its flanks, was a gasoline-projector for film strips; on the other flank, were a mechanical phonograph and box of records, mostly native Indian dance tunes. A movie was announced for the night of Father's arrival — the excitement thus caused could not have been surpassed by a Broadway production with "South Pacific" as the feature.

After Rosary in the little chapel of poles and palm-thatching, which the natives had constructed, all repaired to the largest hut in Chanchah. Not a soul in the village failed to attend. While the catechist ran off a few numbers on the phonograph, Father Lee set up his projector. First there were slides of scenes around Mexico City, then views depicting the Apostles' Creed. There had never been anything like it before in the history of Chanchah.

The only event that ever came close was when the Bishop came there to confirm. Previously, two catechists had spent a month in

Chanchah giving instructions and making other necessary preparations. It is debatable who got the bigger thrill, the people upon seeing this man from another world, or the Bishop upon viewing new-born faith.

Now, after six years of praying, visiting, conversing, preaching, teaching, curing, entertaining, and in general trying to be "all things to all men," Father Lee reports that Chanchah is substantially Catholic. The work of the missionary and his catechist continues, trying to keep it that way.

Father Lee has four catechists in full-time employment. On each he spent months of training before daring to send him out on his first trip. While Chanchah was being worked, the other catechists were going through the self-same process in seven of the forty outlying stations of Father Lee's "parish."

Just to follow up on the work of his four catechists, the priest has to spend half his time on the road. But without their aid he would have been lucky to have made a start in even one village, while taking care at the same time, of his center mission with its church, school, sodalities, and all that goes to make up parish life.

### Shiploads of Violets

As a child, Saint Frances Cabrini grew up on the plains of Lombardy. Her favorite game was making little paper boats, filling them with violets, and launching them on the river that passed through her village. These violets in her imagination were the missionaries she was one day going to send all over the world. Her dream came true: she became the foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, popularly known and widely loved as the Cabrini Sisters.



# Charley's Hero

by Thomas N. Quirk



**Although** Charley was chosen at random from a group of kittens, he was the perfect picture of a clerical cat: black and white, with the black coloring forming a moustache. He resembled and was named after our boyhood hero of the silent films.

Charley, too, had his hero and thereby hangs a tale that might well have been Charley's own. The object of Charley's hero-worship is Bronx-born Father Francis Murphy — than whom no kinder soul ever breathed. Father Frank's kindness is shown in the care of hundreds of patients who flock to his dispensary daily. No case is too hopeless, no sore too disgusting for the personal care of this big priest with the big heart.

No member of the household is too lowly to feel his sympathy. Charley felt it, and in the dreams that only cats can have, there always loomed the presence of this benign soul. Mary had her lamb, but no more devotedly than Father Frank had his Charley.

Came the day when Charley followed his hero as the kindly priest ambled to the garden to pitch horseshoes. Had it been in the power of Father Frank to explain the intricacies of that delightful game to Charley he would have taken great delight in doing so. But alas, as well might he try to explain the Theory of Relativity to an uncomprehending feline mentality. But one thing Charley

did know: if a bird flying through the air be brought to earth, it tastes relatively good.

With a heart filled with contentment, Charley lay on the grass, observing the strange movements of his hero with many a feline chuckle. Charley did not follow the cast of the horseshoe as it left Father Frank's hand. But he did see an object resembling a succulent pigeon, suddenly swooping low over the earth. A decision had to be made and Charley made it.

Father Frank could not bear to look at Charley's outstretched form — one paw under and one paw over a disilusioned cranium. Father Frank said sadly, "Poor Charley! He trusted me so. We'll have to give him a bang-up funeral, complete with firecrackers."

But then — shades of Conan Doyle — the case became complicated. The body disappeared. When an animal disappears in China, it usually means that it has become a part of another body. Father Frank was resigned to the fate of his pet — a victim to the frying pan.

"What saddens me," said Father Frank, "is that Charley was more than a cat, he was a personality."

But lo, a faint meow (Chinese cats utter these), issuing from a pile of wood shavings around the horseshoe ring, announced to the world the revival of a sadder, but wiser Charley.



# Japanese Springtime

Springtime is beautiful in every land, but particularly in Japan. There the brightness of the kimono under the pastel shades of the cherry blossoms lends an enchantment found in no other land.

A PHOTO FEATURE BY CONSTANTINE BURNS

## EDITORIAL:

# Bread, Peace, and Liberty

**I**t is a long winter that lasts nineteen hundred years. It is a long night that has no discernible dawn. It is a long march that never reaches the summit of the mountain — keeps beckoning endlessly uphill. Human beings are by nature climbers, sleepers, even hibernators to some extent, but all in reasonable measure. The hostages most humans give to fortune do not permit the humans to be as lazy as they would like to be. The problems and puzzles fortune gives to them do not even permit them to be as lazy as they might seem reasonably entitled to be. Burdens and anxieties of every sort keep humans' noses to the grindstone, whether they like it or not.

In these premises, a perpetual round of dark night, drugged sleep and mountain climbing, is not their own idea of an interesting and helpful program for life. It is not God's idea of a helpful program either. He planned it differently when He put all the riches of both earth and heaven within easy reach of everybody. It is one thing to be invited to

the banquet, however, and another thing to partake. It is not easy to shake off the sleep of apathy, to see in the darkness, to search and find and grasp while benumbed with winter's cold and struggling over a tortuous path. It is easier, more unimaginative, more plain human, just to stumble blindly along.

**How can this** be the story of the pilgrims of progress, the scalers of one human peak after another, lords of the world and heirs of the ages, the men of tomorrow? For an answer, look at the human struggle, and look at it, not alone in your own little corner, but with eyes that take in the whole of God's big family. See the struggle in the mission lands particularly, and remember that those areas still account for three quarters of the entire human race. See the endless quest for bread, and the economic nightmare, that perpetuate themselves in all those regions. Many of those areas are singularly blest, prodigally resourceful and very productive.



## THIS MONTH'S COVER

The Chinese peasant woman on our cover this month represents all the people of China. Since the Mukden incident of 1931, these people have continually rubbed elbows with war and occupation; they are ignorant of peace and security. The more thoughtful Chinese have maintained their sense of dignity and their pride in an ancient culture. To the rank and file, the years have given a strong fatalism. We who have fared better, who see more clearly, have a duty to build this fatalism into Christian hope.

Hear the clamors for help of every kind, that arise from the four corners of the earth, are never stilled and seldom answered. Think of the constant insecurity that is the very atmosphere the people breathe; the fear that grips them, waking and sleeping; the peace they have always longed in vain to see; the order they would scarcely even recognize, or know what to do with, if they did see it. Think of liberty — and then think of the repression of almost every human right, for almost a billion people, for almost two thousand years. Think of bearing the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. And think of all this put together, as the lot of millions.

If it seems odd that the great majority of the earth's population should remain forever deprived of their few modest wants in a universe that could easily supply those wants, it is not so odd as to lack an explanation. One has only to ask what the wants are, to see what is the matter. Their names are bread, peace, and freedom — nothing else. And the failure to provide them is the failure of those in charge of the business; a failure obviously, purely, solely, one hundred per cent, political. No doubt, it is the political animal's punishment, his poetic irony, not to be able to manage his own affairs, seeing that he has always prided himself on this very accomplishment.

God did not plan a perpetual winter for the whole human race, by any means. He was lavish in generosity, providing bread, peace, and freedom for all, and adding love,

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911  
by the American Hierarchy to  
prepare missionaries from the  
United States and to send them  
forth, under the direction of the  
Holy See, to the mission fields  
of the world.

truth, and beauty, divinely unveiled for the asking. He was a giver of gifts and everything was for everybody. Nothing was left to be done except the minor task of application and distribution.

The missionary of Christ tries hard to give the people everything at once. Nevertheless, he would like to see human beings themselves — especially his bemused rulers — rub their eyes and think it over. Would that somebody might wake up, rise up, and give the people of the world bread, peace, and freedom. God will give them love, truth, and beauty. Then there would be spring all over the world.

— Bishop James E. Walsh

March, 1951





## THE GREEN CAN

*The Indians were curious to know what was in it*

by Joseph V. Flynn

**T**he muddy waters of the Madre de Dios River rose suddenly. Its angry current invaded the jungle's edge and carried off trees with the audacity and speed of a mighty boa constrictor attacking its prey.

With many misgivings my helper, Jose, and I headed off the small craft away from shore, at the Peruvian border town of Maldonado. Thus began a month's mission trip downstream.

Whirlpools rose up from nowhere and scared the wits out of us. Logs were a constant threat to the thin bottom of our frail boat. But after a few days, we learned how to steer

so as to avoid the dangerous sections and then we relaxed a bit.

One of our stops was at a little village of Chama Indians. The Chamas smear their bodies with dyes and soot, in order to ward off sickness and reduce the fevers to which they are all subject. These people walk on the sides of their feet when stalking game. When traveling, these nomadic Indians usually sleep on islands or on the beaches very close to the river.

On hearing the noise of the motor the Indians hurried to the river's edge. Old and young alike chuckled

over the way we scrambled on to dry land, to tie up before the current could carry us away. The Indians all the while were chattering at a great rate in their dialect; to us it sounded like monosyllabic gibberish. They laughed harder than ever when I cautiously climbed up the slippery bank with a can of holy cards.

The women promptly squatted on the *guarachas* (rough wooden platforms, used as beds) while the men stood around me in a circle. All eyes were glued on the green can under my arm.

When I opened the can, the bright colors of the holy pictures did not disappoint them. One by one, I displayed my wares, pronouncing the name of each *santo* in turn and waiting for the Indian to repeat, "*Jesus*," "*Maria*," "*San Jose*," and so on. The noisy, running commentary supplied by the Indians were lost on me, but not their many happy smiles. I gave the chief a large medal of The Immaculate Conception. He received it stoically but lost no time in presenting me with a huge stalk of bananas.

Soon afterwards Jose and I had to leave in order to arrive by daylight at the next river settlement. When the outboard motor refused to turn over after three good pulls, a couple of Indians held oars aloft, offering to row us downstream. But on the fourth pull the motor came to life and then we could no longer hear the high pitched gibberish of the Chamas. I hope that the next Padre who visits these Indians will not be obliged to limit his religious instruction to a few brightly colored holy cards.



## Blood Tells

by Albert J. Murphy

Yang was but a baby when his parents and many of his relatives were martyred for the Faith.

Yang grew into a very enterprising businessman, always coming up with some new scheme for getting ahead. Unfortunately, he became entangled in situations that put him on the Church's black list. He stubbornly refused to make amends or to receive the sacraments.

Meanwhile, Yang's native Manchuria underwent three successive invasions. First came the Japanese, then the Russians, and finally the Chinese Reds. These last were worst of all. For they hunted down and put to death not only priests and Sisters, but Yang's fellow Catholics as well. Such happenings made Yang's blood boil, and he emphatically protested those barbarities.

"Are you one of them?" asked the Reds.

"I certainly am!"

Later we heard that Yang was shot and killed for the Faith, proving that the Yang blood was still the blood of martyrs.



A roadside chat in Kaying, China — and a missionary Sister has made friends for the Church, of Grandma and a few of her clan.

## Maryknoll Sisters Afield

A GREAT NUMBER of people have come here to Hong Kong from the interior, making the housing problem very serious. Because of crowded living conditions, especially among the poorest Chinese, many, many children are sick. Meningitis is a very common affliction of boys about three or four years old.

As we had a very sick woman waiting for us in the Out-Patients Clinic, we hurried there. While waiting for the doctor to come, I noticed, through a partly open door, a small boy of about five, lying on a table. A little later an old woman went in

to the room, snatched the boy off the table, and ran out. Thinking the child must be dying, I ran after the woman, but she was too smart for me and disappeared around one of the many corners before I could reach her.

Continuing the search, I finally found the old woman sitting on a step, crying. I tried to ascertain where the sick boy was, but she could not answer because of her weeping. There were other Chinese nearby, but no one admitted having seen the boy. Finally a Chinese youth came and pointed to a sort of

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA



Sister Mary Ignatia (McNally), of Manchester, New Hampshire, meets a friend or two "comin' thru the bamboo fence" near Ngfa, China.

closet. I opened the door—and found the child. He was still breathing, but died a few minutes after receiving Baptism.

Before leaving the hospital that morning, we decided to return to the first ward to see if the infants we had baptized were still living. When we entered the ward, we discovered two of them lying dead on the floor. In our absence, two more babies in a dying condition had been brought in, so we baptized those two.

A few days ago, we met a very old woman who had gone to the hospital to visit her little grandson. The boy was seriously ill, so we told her about Baptism. The grandmother was delighted and said: "Of course, baptize the baby! And baptize me, too. Why this is what I have been looking for

all my life!"

We explained that she would have to have some instructions before she could be baptized. She became quite excited and exclaimed: "What are we waiting for? Where can I get instructions?"

We arranged for the old woman to come to the convent later. That very afternoon, she returned to tell us that her grandson had died and that she wanted to begin her instructions right away. Thereafter she came faithfully until a few days ago. Then she looked so ill that we feared she would die, so now we go to her little hut and teach her every day. We introduced her to our pastor, who says he will baptize her next week.

—*Sister Mary Mark (Killoran), formerly of Detroit, Michigan*

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES



## QUESTION!

How long  
does it take  
to make  
a MISSIONER?

Two and a half years, at least, of strenuous spiritual training! The young enthusiasm must temper to ardent zeal; the body must be fitted for physical hardship.

Postulants, last month, began their training under very crowded conditions at Our Lady of Maryknoll

Novitiate at Valley Park, Mo. We must, — simply must — enlarge the building. Either that or — we must close our ears both to the missions which call so desperately for help, and to the eager young women who leap to respond to that call.

And you know, we can't do either!

### *Suggested Offerings are:*

For a ROOM .....\$500. For a PEW IN CHAPEL .....\$150.

For a DORMITORY CUBICLE. 300. For a STALL IN CHAPEL.... 50.

For a "STRINGLESS GIFT" \$.....

(to be used where needed)

A commemorative plaque on the room, pew, cubicle or stall will perpetuate the remembrance of your generosity, and keep the Sisters ever mindful of your loved one in prayer.

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**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ toward the donation of a

or as a stringless gift for Our Lady of Maryknoll Novitiate.

- ☐ ROOM
- ☐ CUBICLE
- ☐ PEW
- ☐ STALL

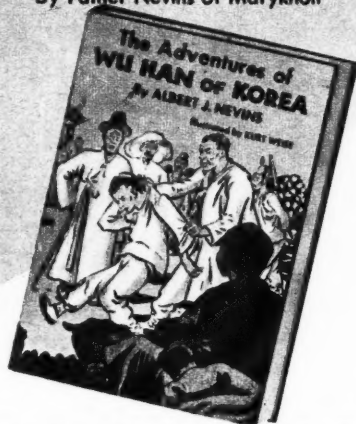
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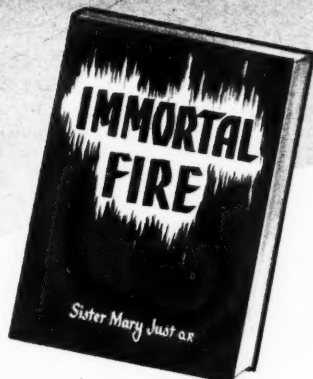
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## The Adventures of Wu Han of Korea

by Father Nevins of Maryknoll



Here is a real thriller that all will love. Wu Han's fall into the power of an unscrupulous and cruel man who pretends to be his legal guardian, Wu Han's escape and his hair-raising adventures will please everybody, young and old.  
**Dodd Mead \$2.75**



## Immortal Fire

by Sister Mary Just

The history of missionary activity is brought into a living focus by word portraits of all the great missionaries from the time of St. Paul until the present century. A fine contribution to missionary literature.

**Herder \$7.50**

### FILMSTRIPS

Pastors and teachers alike will be interested in the filmstrip sets on religion and social studies. These filmstrips are highly recommended by outstanding educators and are invaluable for convert classes as teacher aids. Write us!

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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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Also send the Maryknoll catalogues checked: ☐ Books ☐ Teacher Aids ☐ Religious Goods



The following letter was received by the mother of one of our missionaries in Peru, after she had set up a scholarship in honor of her husband. We print it in the hope that other Americans may be interested in aiding youths like Juan.

## *Juan Barrios Writes "Mom"*

Dear Senora:

Although I do not have the pleasure of knowing you personally, I experience a true satisfaction in addressing to you this letter.

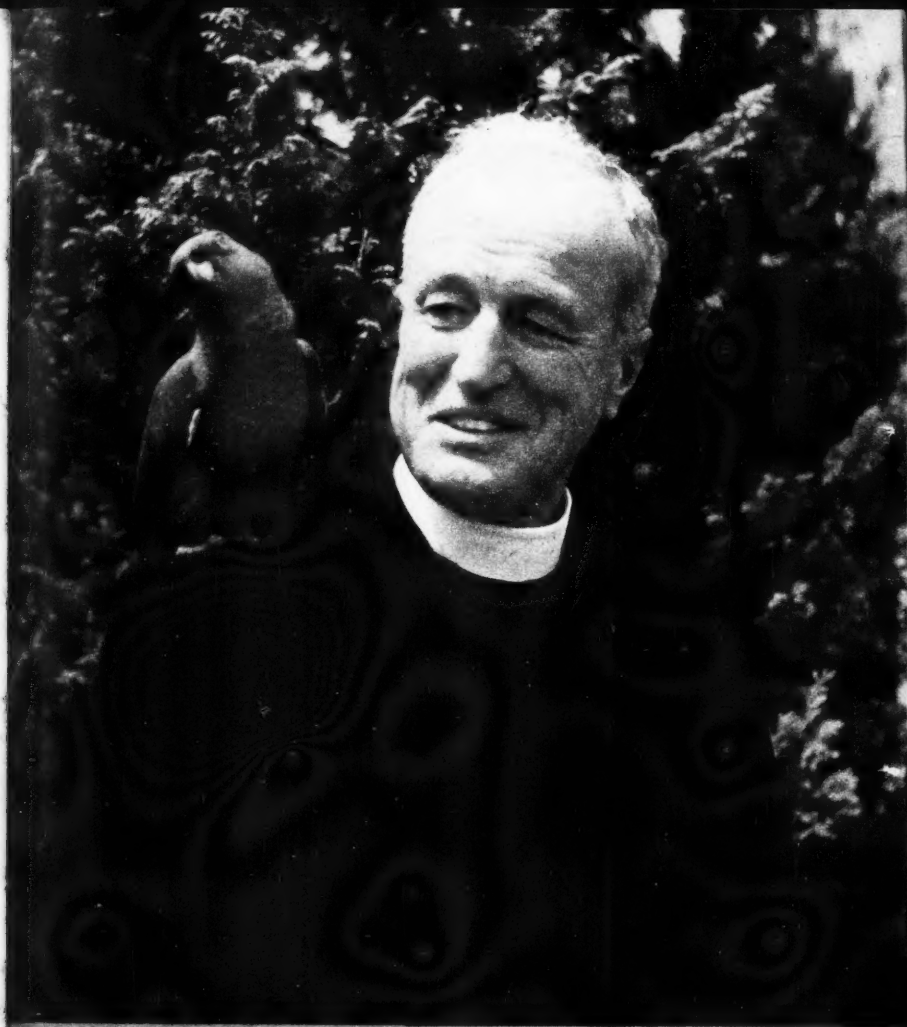
It is not too much to tell you that it is a real blessing from Almighty God to have a group of the Maryknoll Fathers who have arrived in this city full of enthusiasm, defying the climate and all the inconveniences, to bring the light of knowledge. They are educating the children of this section with true interest, abnegation, and self-satisfaction, thus sowing the virtue and morality which is the basis of our whole Catholic religion, whose fruits for the future will be a positive benefit to humanity.

Divine Providence has brought about that I participate in the education which is being unfolded by the Maryknoll Fathers in the college of St. Ambrosio, which they so very distinctively and so worthily direct. During the present year I have a scholarship in this college, which your son has granted to me through your disposition in memory of your husband. May he rest in peace.

Most worthy senora, this noble attitude of your virtuous heart shows that your character is a product of the School of Christ. The kindness of your noble heart I shall never forget during the rest of my life. I shall have as a guide who may enlighten my future the memory of your virtuous husband, which for me signifies the most precious remembrance in the world.

Most sincerely,

*Juan Barrios*



**BISHOP BYRNE AND HIS PARROT** — This charming study of the Bishop and his parrot was snapped at the Maryknoll House in Karasaki, Japan, some years ago by Father Calvert Alexander, S.J. All Catholic America has been praying for His Excellency and for Father William Booth, his companion, both sufferers under the Communists in Korea.



***YOU can prepare him***  
***—to render this service***

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
**Maryknoll P.O., New York**  
**DEAR FATHERS:**

I am pleased to know that more than 800 young Americans are in training in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare for the foreign-mission priesthood.

Please use my gift of \$\_\_\_\_\_ toward the \$500 needed to educate one Maryknoll seminarian for one year. When I can do so, I shall send other gifts for this purpose.

*My Name* \_\_\_\_\_

*Street* \_\_\_\_\_

*City* \_\_\_\_\_ *Zone* \_\_\_\_\_ *State* \_\_\_\_\_

I had been riding since early morning, and by noontime the air was heavy; the tropical sun, high overhead, was bearing down in all its fury. I pulled the horse to a halt in front of the old church that stands in the center of Santiago Petatan Village. Inside, the thick adobe walls offered me a cool shelter from the heat of the day.

On either side of the main altar I saw smaller altars: one for the Blessed Mother, and another for St. James. I noticed in passing that someone had recently placed a bouquet of flowers on Our Lady's altar. The gate of the altar rail, bent with age and covered with cobwebs, creaked as I opened it. I stood for a moment, looking at the large crucifix that hangs over the main altar. And in the silence, I thought I could almost hear the walls echoing the chants of Holy Mass that had filled the sanctuary when this Guatemalan village was a large town with a resident priest and a flourishing Catholic life.

In the sacristy I picked up a missal. The cover fell off and there on the title page was the date of its printing, 1509. Beneath the missal were the vestments and altar linens — so old that they were faded and brittle. Everything was just as it had been left by the last priest to visit Petatan.

As I turned to leave, I noticed an elderly woman kneeling before the Virgin's altar. On seeing me she offered me some oranges and told me her name — Maria Candida Quinonez. She had seen me come into the church and wanted to pay her respects to the priest.

## Maria Candida Says Her Beads

by Edward J. McGuinness

"When I was a youngster," she told me, "a missionary from Holland came to Petatan and stayed for about two weeks. During that time I and some others received Baptism and Holy Communion. Before leaving, the Father gave a rosary to my papa, showed him how to say it, and instructed him to recite it every Sunday night in the church, continuing until another priest would come."

"Does your father still say the Rosary, Maria?" I asked.

"Papa died some years ago."

Maria told me that she has taken up where her father left off. She showed me the rosary that the Dutch missionary had given her father. It was repaired in several places with thread. I gave her the one I had in my pocket.

As I left Petatan the words of Mary's *Magnificat* came into my mind, "... for behold henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." And I thought, "These are your children, dear Mother; you saw them with prophetic vision when you uttered your canticle."

# The Maryknoll Roundup

**Dizzy Air.** On a recent trip to one of his mission stations in the mountains near Pingnam, China, Father Cyril V. Hirst, Maryknoller from Philadelphia, came across a little girl by the roadside. When he saw that she was crying he stopped to ask why. "I just walked down from my home in the mountains," explained the Chinese lass. "It's the first time I've ever been down here in the valley, so far from home." Father Hirst thought she was homesick, but the girl explained: "Oh, no, Father! It's just that I don't like the air down here in the valley; it makes me so dizzy that I can hardly stand up."



FR. HIRST

**Roof-top Basketball.** "We have one of the highest basketball courts in the world, and some of the lowest scores, at our school in Puno, Peru," reports Maryknoll's Father Vincent A. Cunningham, of Scranton, Pa. "The low scores," says Father Cunningham, "are explained by the elevation. Puno is more than two miles above sea level. Our basketball players quickly become winded by running up and down the court, in Puno's rarified air. The players are Aymara



FR. CUNNINGHAM

Indian lads, who have barrel chests and unusually large lungs. Scientists who did intensive research on the ability of the Aymaras to live at such a high elevation came to the conclusion that the average Aymara has more blood in his veins than has his lowland brother."

**Steaks.** "A young farmer in our mission brought a huge porcupine to the rectory this morning," writes Pittsfield, Massachusetts' Father William J. Murphy from Africa. "The farmer wanted his picture taken with the rodent he had caught. That done, he cut off the porcupine's tail and took it to a Government official in Musesoma. There's a ten-shilling bounty on porcupines because they cause untold damage to farms hereabouts. An elderly woman put the rest of the porcupine in a basket, placed the basket on her head, and went home to prepare a delicious meal of porcupine soup and steaks."



FR. MURPHY

**Important Pigs.** "The first cargo of livestock ever to travel by airplane in these jungle parts arrived recently," writes our Riberalta, Bolivia, correspondent, Brother Anthony Mantel, a Maryknoller from Hammond, Indiana. "Four pigs were flown here for the new co-operative farm at our

outpost mission in Cavinás. The pilot told me that he had set aside a parachute for each porker in the event of an emergency. The pigs took to the air as though an airplane ride were an everyday event, showing no signs of fright or air-sickness. Immediately after landing, the pigs began looking for something to eat. The airborne livestock is an important part of the co-operative farm that Maryknollers are starting in the jungle village of Cavinás. The farm will eventually improve living standards of the Indian inhabitants."



BRO. ANTHONY

**Gold Gumdrops.** "Gift packages from America increase tenfold in value by the time they reach China," reports Father John G. Gilmartin, Maryknoll missionary from Waterbury, Connecticut, now stationed in Kweilin. The regional customs offices recently notified us that a box of

candy had arrived for our mission. It had taken six months for the candy to get from the States to this part of China. No one from the mission rushed right down to customs; and no one will—for duty on the candy comes to \$15.

**Ham-apple Pie.** "Characters in Alice's Wonderland were never more improbable than our Japanese cook," says Milwaukee's Father George J. Hirschboeck, Maryknoll missionary now stationed in Japan. Father Hirschboeck lists a combination ham-apple pie as typical of Cook's best efforts. At the same meal, she served peanut soup. During another course, she neatly placed an unopened can of sardines beside a platter. "Please put sardines on honorable platter," asked the priest. She lifted the unopened can, dropped it on the platter, and walked away.



FR. HIRSCHBOECK

## MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Seminary  
GLEN ELYN, Illinois

Maryknoll Novitiate  
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate  
1075 W. Market Street  
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Junior College  
LAKEWOOD, New Jersey

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
71 Jewett Parkway  
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

4407 Canal Street  
NEW ORLEANS 19, Louisiana

Maryknoll Seminary  
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
20 Newton Street  
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
4569 W. Pine Blvd.  
ST. LOUIS 8, Missouri

121 E. 39 Street  
NEW YORK 16, New York

Maryknoll Junior Seminary  
6700 Beechmont Avenue  
CINCINNATI 30, Ohio

514 Sixteenth Avenue  
SEATTLE 22, Washington

1421 N. Astor Street  
CHICAGO 10, Illinois

426 S. Boyle Avenue  
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

222 South Hewitt Street  
LOS ANGELES 12, Calif.

9001 Dexter Blvd.  
DETROIT 6, Michigan

2360 Rice Blvd.  
HOUSTON 5, Texas

1492 McAllister St.  
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.



# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

**Carpenter Or** —? Pedro, aged 12, used to roam the streets, hungry, ragged, and dirty. Now he is learning carpentry at Father McNiff's trade school in Chile — but he must eat! \$5 a month will feed him while we train him to earn a living. Who will help Pedro?

**Miserable Hole in the Wall** lets rain and wind into our Cochabamba church in Bolivia. It can be fixed for \$1.75. Please!



**Another Day, Another Half Dollar.** That's what laborers earn in the Calacala region of Bolivia where help is needed in building a school. How many laborers will you hire? Or would you prefer to donate \$1.32 for a bag of cement?

**Where to Live?** In Africa there is a housing shortage too. Two Maryknollers in Tanganyika could stop paying rent, and get into a home of their own, if someone would give \$5000 for building materials.

**\$250 to Walk On.** That sum is needed for a church floor at the Jacaltenango mission, Guatemala. It will pay for skilled labor; the people of the mission will supply materials.

**The New Look** for a seminary requires paint. In Peru it can be had for \$100 — enough to paint the entire inside of the building. Save the surface—and you save the building; save the seminary, and — who knows how many souls its graduates may rescue?

**Get Wise!** The first step is to learn to read. That requires a reader, costing 65c, and it is done at a desk, costing \$5. Who will buy a book, or a desk, to help our Chinese, Japanese, Indian and African tots?

**Four Chapels** are needed urgently for Indians in Quintana Roo, Mexico. Each will cost \$1500. Any chapel could make a fitting memorial for a dear departed.

**Chilly?** No, but our missionaries in Chile are caring for many underprivileged children and beg us for the following for their fresh air camp: Mass kit, \$150; dresses for girls, \$1.25 each; overalls for boys, \$1 each; blankets, \$6 each; sheets, \$1.50 each; desks for class, \$5 apiece; benches for church, \$2 apiece; books, \$1 each; support of one child, \$5 each; swimming suits, \$.80 each; tennis shoes, \$.80 a pair. Does any item strike your fancy?

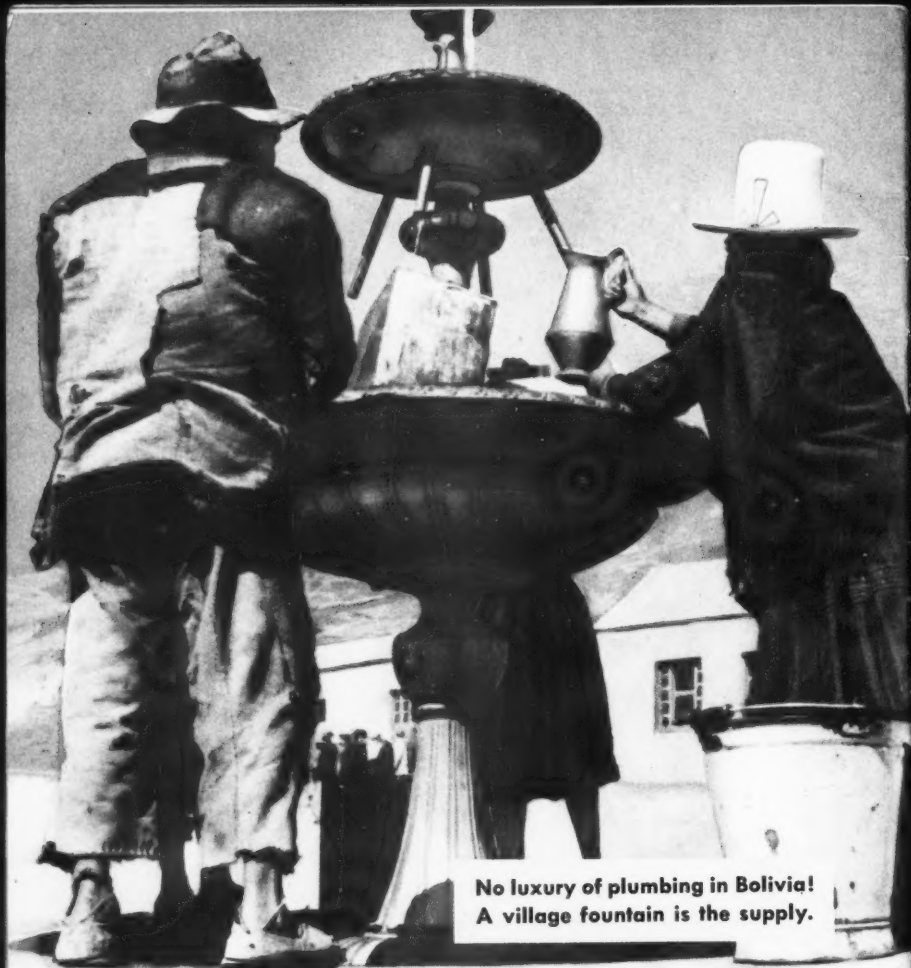
**They Haven't Their Ups and Downs.** Most of us have, but in Bolivia the youngsters request a see-saw. Total cost. \$12



**Why Learn the Catechism?** Every Catholic knows—and therefore we needn't explain why Maryknollers ask funds to hire teachers of doctrine. \$15 a month will support a catechist who will teach the catechism. In one China mission alone 60 villages are begging for instruction. What better use can be made of money?







**No luxury of plumbing in Bolivia!  
A village fountain is the supply.**

